

the concert to which I desire to make reference. That is the really excellent programme presented on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. It would be like attempting to paint the lily white were I to speak of the magnificent voices of five or six gentlemen who kindly lent their aid, and the same also applies to the lady vocalists; but it was generally remarked that the ladies who played the accompaniments did so with wonderful artistic taste. No doubt the singing of Messrs. Higgins and Philo was in a measure rendered so thoroughly appreciative by the assistance of Mrs. Higgins, and Miss Pauline Frank, the latter of whom might be said to have made her debut that evening. And the same is true of Mrs. Hall, who played for Mr. Brown, and also of Mrs. Perrin. Messrs. Wolff and Pauline, of course all know and to their credit. The piano solo of Mrs. O'Sullivan was a feature of the evening, and more than one remarked the artistic qualities displayed by this lady. It is rarely such an enjoyable event as the Sons of Erin concert is held in this city.

She sat beside me in the car,  
Young, fair—and yet so bold!  
Looking me in the face, she smiled,  
Which pleased me, though I'm old;

When I responded to her smile  
She seemed as if she knew me,  
At any rate she slowly hitched  
A little nearer to me;

She then (more coyish) laid her head  
So gently on my shoulder,  
Somehow my arms were quite inclined  
To reach out and enfold her.

Softly she placed her hand in mine,  
My confidence to gain;  
But soon I felt her other hand  
Was tampering with my chain.

I (quite beguiled) allowed her still  
With me and mine to tamper,  
Until a lady near her said,  
"Baby! that isn't grampa!"

At one of the family hotels of the city the other day I was dining with a lady friend. At the next table sat a number of school teachers, one a teacher of Greek and Latin, another a drawing teacher, another an instructor in history and so on; not common, ordinary teachers you see. I remarked to my friend that I thought it must be source of great pleasure to live in a house where so many cultivated minds were brought together, and she replied with an inexpressible little "moue" and a shrug of her shoulders. I interrogated with my eyes, and she said: "They are all right once in a long while, but for a steady diet they are awful." "I can't understand," I replied. "Oh," said she "fancy people who always spend their evenings reading Browning, discussing social problems or going out to lectures. They are never frivolous enough to tell or listen to jokes, relaxation and fun are unknown quantities to them. After two or three hours of their dusty, musty conversation, I long to "mock them and to shock them, and kick my heels and hide." I laughed indiscreetly and one of the dignified women referred to looked around and scanned me through her eye glasses. "She is fixing

you in her mind," said my friend, "and deciding what grade of life you belong to, and in what plane your faculties could best be utilized in the great plan of social economy."

PERE GRINATOR.

### A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC.

QUITE a considerable period of time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of contributing to these columns, and renewing acquaintance with them now seems like meeting an old friend again. The cause of my appearance this week is the concert given by Miss Monteith, the Misses Saxton and Dawson, Mr. F. Victor Austin and Messrs. Sewell and Fischel at The Victoria Thursday evening. The audience was composed of the pick of Victoria society, intellectually, musically and socially, a fact highly complimentary to the players, although the financial result would not of course be as satisfactory as from the average popular house. Whoever was responsible for the programme deserves a deal of credit for its general arrangement, while the selections were representative and judicious.

With regard to the star, Miss Monteith, she committed the unfortunate but common error of most trained singers, in selecting possibly her most classically difficult piece for the first number. An audience, no matter how well educated musically, listens critically, and perhaps prejudicedly, to such selections. The consequence was that Miss Monteith had to settle right down to the difficult task of singing her way into the hearts of a mixed audience by means of a highly classical composition. Her first number, "d'Isabelle, de l'opera Pre aux Clercs," was a gem of an aria, full of delightfully sweet runs and passages, which met with practically faultless execution from her well trained, flexible and sweet toned voice. In the lower register, Miss Monteith's voice is marvellously sweet, and is under perfect control; but, as it ascends towards the upper lines, the voice loses its fulness and is not quite so sweet. She therefore showed considerable discretion in selecting works comfortably within the compass of her voice. What largely contributed to Miss Monteith's popularity, too, is her self possession. She has all the originality of a school girl, and good naturedly wins her audience over to her at once. In her second effort, Miss Monteith carried her audience with her in a body. She sang "Robin Adair," but sang it with such incomparable sweetness, pathos and winning power that the most severely polite in the auditorium forgot themselves and clapped their hands as frantically as the most enthusiastic god in the gallery. A graceful response was given in "Molly Bawn," which appealed with just as much force to the sympathies of the audience. Then she resumed the serious, and gave a selection from Haydn's "The Creation," displaying a power of expression, execution and finish that won over to her any few sceptics that were in the audience. I am greatly mistaken if Miss Monteith did not score a glorious victory.

Mr. F. Victor Austin is a figure well

known to Victoria audiences, and as well esteemed. He appeared in a violin and piano duett with Miss Dawson, the famous "Kreutzer Sonata" [Beethoven], and in two other numbers, Wieniaswki's "Legende" and another. In the former, he did some very clever and at the same time some difficult work with the bow, for which he received a merited recall. He also played a composition of his own, "In Memoriam," a piece in memory of the late Duke of Clarence, which possesses a good deal of merit and some originality, especially in the phrasing and chording, both of which were well executed. Musin's "Mazourka de Concert" was also given by Mr. Austin, and that wizard of the violin, Musin, himself, could not have found fault with the taste and correctness shown by Mr. Austin in its performance.

Miss Agnes Dawson is undoubtedly an accomplished pianist, and a conscientious accompanist; in the latter case, perhaps, more inclined to sacrifice the singer for the sake of accuracy in accompaniment. She has a very delicate touch, which brings out all the expression and point in a composition, and even while playing purely technical pieces, has the faculty of having her audience with her.

Miss Saxton is an elocutionist who has evidently studied very hard; her histrionic abilities are considerable and she uses them to great advantage. Her features are capable of great and varied expression, and she has a good presence, but her enunciation is somewhat against her. The pronunciation of the most prominent expressions is broad and rather flat, falling harshly on the ear when the reciter is trying to make an impression in some powerful declamation, or glowing peroration. Miss Saxton selected "The Trial of Queen Katherine [Henry VIII]" for her first effort; a rather heavy choice, and a trifle long, and in it she manifested considerable ability and endurance. She also recited "The Christening," and was warmly recalled.

Messrs. Sewell and Fischel were the funny men of the combination. They intended to be serious, but couldn't. Mr. Sewell was highly sentimental, talking about fields where poppies grow, angels' wings, voices and other heavenly appurtenances and hereditaments in connection with his darling. He told all this to the audience in two or three songs of very much the same tune, which was a heart-rending monotone, and bowed coldly and politely to the footlights when he had finished. Mr. Fischel was about the same, only he had the good sense to torture the audience only once. I should like some evening when I am feeling well, to hear these two in a duett.

THE BYSTANDER.

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